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Ticonderoga...

A Poem

By
Alfred Swift Boughton, M. D.

1.

TICONDEROGA.

A TRIBUTE TO THE REVOLUTIONARY AND HEROIC EFFORTS OF

ETHAN ALLEN

AND HIS

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

BY

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To the Memory

OF WILLIAM FRENCH AND DANIEL HOUGHTON,

WHOSE BLOOD WAS SHED AT

WESTMINSTER COURT HOUSE, VERMONT, MARCH 13, 1775,

FOR RESISTING WHAT THEY INSTINCTIVELY

RECOGNIZED AS AN ACT OF MONSTROUS INJUSTICE,

ALTHOUGH ADORNED WITH THE

INSIGNIA AND PROTECTED BY THE PANOPLY OF LAW;

I INSCRIBE THESE VERSES, THAT THE FREEDOM

THEY FOUGHT TO OBTAIN MAY BE MAINTAINED FOREVER.

ALFRED SWIFT HOUGHTON.

PREFACE.

The controversy concerning the ownership of the soil of Vermont began in 1761.

Land-titles up to that date had been granted under Letters Patent from the Crown by BENNING WENTWORTH, the then Captain-General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire. That Province claimed and exercised jurisdiction over territory extending from the West bank of the Connecticut River to a point esteemed to be twenty miles East of the River Hudson, so far as that river extended to the Northward, and after that, as far Westward as Lake Champlain.

Upon the fees and other emoluments which GOV. WENTWORTH received as compensation for those grants, the Government of New York looked with an envious eye. Inasmuch as the Governor of New Hampshire reserved five hundred acres of land in every township for himself, he was evidently laying the basis of an immense fortune. Wishing to thwart all such covetous procedure, and desirous of the profit arising from the sale of those lands, CADWALLADER COLDEN, Esq., Lieut. Governor of His Majesty's Province of New York, on the 28th December, 1763, issued a proclamation, "commanding the Sheriff of the County of Albany to make a return of the names of all persons who have taken possession of lands under New Hampshire grants," and claiming jurisdiction as far East as Connecticut river, by virtue of grants made by Charles II, to the Duke of York in 1664 and 1674.

The controversy between the Governors of New York and New Hampshire, relative to jurisdiction over the territory now constituting the State of Vermont, was, meanwhile, in no wise abated. That there was an acrimonious spirit grad-

ually growing up between the two Colonies, the following extract from Gov. WENTWORTH'S Proclamation will demonstrate:

"For Political reasons, the claims to jurisdiction by New York might have been deferred, as well as the strict inquisition on the civil power to exercise jurisdiction in their respective functions as far as the Eastern banks of Connecticut River.— * * * To the end, therefore, that the grantees now settled and settling on those lands under His late and present Majesty's charters may not be intimidated, or any way hindered or obstructed in the improvement of the lands so granted, as well as to ascertain the right and maintain the jurisdiction of His Majesty's government of New Hampshire as far Westward as to include the grants made.

I have thought fit, by and with the advice of His Majesty's Council to issue this Proclamation, hereby encouraging the several grantees, claiming under this Government, to be industrious in clearing and cultivating their lands agreeably to their respective grants.

And I do hereby require and command all civil officers within the Province, of what quality soever, as well those that are not, as those that are inhabitants on the said lands, to continue and be diligent in exercising jurisdiction in their respective offices, as far Westward as grants of land have been made by this Government; and to deal with any person or persons that may presume to interrupt the inhabitants or settlers on said lands as to law and justice do appertain; the pretended right of jurisdiction mentioned in the aforesaid Proclamation notwithstanding.

Given at the Council Chamber in Portsmouth, the 13th day of March, 1764, and in the fourth year of His Majesty's reign.

B. WENTWORTH."

The controversy, thus begun by gubernatorial proclamation, was continued with much bitterness for a period of fifteen years. In 1764, the matter in question was decided by Imperial decree in favor of New York, and the claim of that government to jurisdiction extending to the East as far as Connecticut river, was confirmed. "His Majesty was pleased, with the advice of his Privy Council, to approve of what is therein proposed, and doth accordingly hereby order and declare the Western banks of the Connecticut river, from where it enters the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, as far North as the 45th degree of North latitude, *to be* the boundary line between the said two Provinces of New Hampshire and New York. Wherefore, the respective Gov-

ernors and Commanders of his Majesty's said Provinces of New Hampshire and New York, for the time being, and all others whom it may concern, are to take notice of His Majesty's pleasure and govern themselves accordingly."

To this royal decree, different and widely variant construction was given. The settlers on the New Hampshire Grants considered that its fair operation was to place them under the *future* jurisdiction of New York. The government of that Colony, on the contrary, contended that the order had a retroactive and retrospective bearing, and determined not only what *should be*, but what *always had been*, the geographic limits of the Colony of New York. The settlers on the New Hampshire Grants inferred that the royal decree could in no wise affect their land-titles, or any past contracts. The New York authorities, taking a different view of the royal decision, insisted that the grants made by the government of New Hampshire were unauthorized by the Crown, and were, of course, illegal and consequently void. If the same interpretation had been given to the royal decree by the authorities of both Colonies, all historians unite in saying there would have arisen no controversy like that which was carried on with great acrimony from the year 1763 to 1775.

Seth Warner was no idle spectator during these exciting times. Whether he would yield up his property to a set of landsharks, or make forcible resistance, was a question upon which he took but little time to ponder. He advocated *resistance:* and warmly approved of the proceedings of that convention which assembled at Bennington, and—

"*Resolved*, To support their rights and property under the New Hampshire Grants against the usurpation and unjust claims of the Governor and Council of New York *by force*, as law and justice were denied them."

This resolution was zealously supported; spirited and determined resistance to the authority of New York ensued. Several of the inhabitants of the grants were indicted as rioters. "A military association," says a cotemporaneous writer, "was formed, of which Ethan Allen was appointed Colonel Commandant, and Seth Warner, Remember Baker,

Robert Cochran, Gideon Warner, and some others, were appointed Captains. Committees of Safety were, likewise, appointed in several towns west of the Green Mountains."

The Sheriff of the county of Albany, to whom was entrusted the duty of enforcing writs of possession, enjoyed an office which could hardly be denominated a sinecure. Whenever he appeared upon the grants with his *posse comitatus*—often numbering 750 men, all told—he was sure of being met by a party equally numerous, and determined to frustrate his object. Of such parties Seth Warner and Ethan Allen were the active leaders and Captains; and a proclamation was accordingly issued by the Governor of New York, offering "A reward of £150 for the apprehension of Ethan Allen, and £50 each for Warner and five others." Determined to return the compliment promptly, Allen and Warner, and the other outlaws, issued a counter proclamation "Offering *five* pounds for the apprehension and delivery to any officer of the Green Mountain Boys, of the Attorney-General of New York."

It will be borne in mind that the resolutions, adopted by the conventions of the people, were regarded as the law of the New Hampshire Grants. Every infraction of the law thus made, was followed by a punishment of great severity. That most frequently inflicted, was the application to the naked back of the "Beech Seal," and perpetual banishment from the Grants. The sentence of Ben Hough will serve my purpose as a sample of the punishment then in vogue. History tells us that Ben was a violent "Yorker," and resided near Clarendon. Receiving, by dint of importunity, an appointment of Justice of the Peace within and for the county of Charlotte, from the government of New York, he was not content with the simple honor of the appointment. He seemed to be anxious to distinguish himself in the new position to which the partiality of the New York authorities had promoted him. And, certainly, he gained distinction;—but such distinction as might well be dispensed with, by all those who prefer the honors of a private station, to the unenviable notoriety of cutting a most ludicrous figure on the page of history.

After obtaining his commission, he promptly proceeded to execute the duties of his newly acquired office. He received, but disregarded, the warning to desist which was served upon him by the "Committee of Safety." Being found incorrigible, he was arrested and carried before a committee consisting of Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and others who were proclaimed as outlaws. "The decree of the convention," says Thompson's History, "and the charges of the prisoner being read in his presence, he acknowledged that he had been active in promoting the passage of a certain law, and in the discharge of his duty as a Magistrate; but pleaded the jurisdiction of New York over the Grant, in justification of his conduct."

But, sad to relate, although Ben's dilatory plea was, under ordinary circumstances, worthy of consideration, this committee disregarded it and pronounced upon him the following sentence, viz:—

"*That the prisoner be taken from the bar of this Committee of Safety, and be tied to a tree, and then on his naked back, receive two hundred stripes; his back being dressed, he should depart out of the district, and on return without special leave of the convention, to suffer death.*"

This sentence was carried into execution in the presence of a large concourse of people: and at his request the following certificate was furnished for his future reference:—

"SUNDERLAND, 30th January, 1775.

This may certify the inhabitants of the New Hampshire Grants, that Benjamin Hough hath this day received a full punishment for his crimes committed heretofore against this country; and our inhabitants are ordered to give him, the said Hough, a free and unmolested passport toward the city of New York, or to the westward of our Grants, he behaving himself as becometh.

Given under our hands the day and date aforesaid.

ETHAN ALLEN,
SETH WARNER."

When this paper was handed to Ben, Allen observed that the certificate, *together with the receipt on his back*, would, no doubt, be admitted as legal evidence before the Supreme Court and the Governor and Council of New York, although, in several instances, to his knowledge, the King's warrant to

Gov. Wentworth and His Excellency's sign manual, with the great seal of the Province of New Hampshire, would not.

I now quote from an extraordinary law enacted on the 9th of March, 1774, by the General Assembly of New York:

"SECTION 5. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that, if any person or persons, within the said counties or either of them, not being lawfully authorized a judge, justice or magistrate, shall assume judicial power, or shall try, fine, sentence or condemn any person who shall either be absent or shall unlawfully or forcibly be seized, taken, or brought before him or them for trial or punishment; or if any person or persons shall aid or assist in such illegal proceedings, or shall enforce, execute or carry the same into effect; or if any person or persons shall, unlawfully seize, detain or confine, or assault and beat any magistrate or civil officer, for, or in respect of any act or proceeding in the due exercise of his function, or in order to compel him to resign, remove or surcease his commission or authority, or to terrify, hinder, or prevent him from performing and discharging the duties thereof; * * * * * that then, each of the said offences respectively be adjudged felony without benefit of clergy; and the offenders therein shall be adjudged felons, *and shall suffer death as in cases of felony without benefit of clergy.*"

It was made the duty of the Governor to publish the names of such persons in the *New York Gazette & Weekly Mercury*, as should be indicted for any capital offence, with an order in Council commanding such offenders to surrender themselves within seventy days after the publication thereof, *under the penalty of being convicted of felony and to suffer death without benefit of clergy!!*

With the passage of such a law as this, every prospect of reconciliation and submission to the claims of New York evaporated. The New Hampshire grantees, suspecting the action of the New York authorities to originate in the avarice of a set of speculators who coveted their lands — knowing that the people of New York felt no disposition to aid in enforcing such claims — satisfied that the popular sentiment was highly favorable to the rights of the settlers — and being aware, from past experience, that the militia of the Colony could never be induced to contend against them — regarded with contempt every threat or legal enactment intended to inspire terror. "Indeed," say the Vermont State papers, "the idea of *submission* seems never for a moment to have

occupied the attention of the handful of brave men against whom these measures were directed. Educated in the school of adversity, and inured to hardship and danger, they met and sustained the shock with a firm, unbroken spirit."

"Let it not be said that the infliction of this barbarous punishment proves that the people of the Grants were less civilized than the people of other parts of New England; for long afterwards this relic of barbarism was found in the criminal code of all the States; but a more advanced state of civilization has since broken up the habit by which it had been continued through generations of civilized man, and it has been exploded never again to find a place in the code of any of the American States."

Aside from reasons heretofore given for retaliation on the part of the Green Mountain Boys, it need not escape remembrance that as necessity drove them to resistance, so sound policy would naturally dictate that such resistance should be of a character to inspire a full and firm belief that it would be effectual.

The New Hampshire grantees were by no means so engrossed with their own troubles as to be indifferent to the policy pursued by the Mother Country toward her Colonies in America. As the settlers were chiefly emigrants from Connecticut and Massachusetts, they sympathized with the feeling of discontent which prevaded those Colonies. Those residing on Connecticut river, who had surrendered their original charters and taken out new grants under the broad seal of New York, and had submitted to the jurisdiction of that Colony, were comparatively unconcerned spectators of that bitter controversy in which the grantees on the West side of the Mountains were interested. The massacre, as it was called, of the *13th of March*, at *Westminister Court House*, however, exasperated them and raised a tumult of opposition to New York. At a meeting of Committees appointed by a large body of inhabitants on the East side of the range of Green Mountains, held at Westminister on the *11th day of April, 1775*, it was

"*Voted*, That it is the duty of said inhabitants, as predicated on the eternal and immutable law of self-preservation, to wholly renounce and

resist the administration of the government of New York, till such time as the lives and property of those inhabitants may be secured by it; or till such time as they can have opportunity to lay their grievances before his Most Gracious Majesty in Council, together with a proper remonstrance against the unjustifiable conduct of that government; with an humble petition to be taken out of so oppressive a jurisdiction, and, either annexed to some other government, or erected and incorporated into a new one, as may appear best to the said inhabitants, to the Royal wisdom and clemency, and till such time as his Majesty shall settle this controversy."

The foregoing preface is from an address delivered by my father, George Frederick Houghton, before the legislature of the State of Vermont, October 20, 1848.

A. S. H.

TICONDEROGA.

May 10th, 1775.

PROLOGUE.—Vermont.

"UPON WHOSE BROWS ETERNAL SNOWS."

Those lofty fells and lowly dells
Which justify our pride;
Those haughty hills, whose humble rills
Both health and wealth provide,
Upon whose brows eternal snows
In virgin wreaths abide;
Are shod in May with sandals gay
And vestured as a bride.

Blue-hued Champlain and George adorn
This radiant retreat,
Here clover red and golden corn
With violets complete
A lovely scene, where blue with green
Harmoniously blends,
And not a hue of green or blue
Artistic eyes offends.

"BLUE-HUED CHAMPLAIN AND GEORGE ADORN."

But beautiful as are the dales
Which charm the artist's gaze,
And bountiful as are the vales
Where herds contented graze,
The valiant dead these valleys bred
More admiration rouse
Than gardens fair or meadows where
Buds swell and cattle browse.

For in this park the first live spark *
Of Revolution's flame
Was flashed from steel as an appeal
For flint-like action came;
That spark, borne well, in tinder fell,
Glowed ardently until
The blare of shell and glare of hell
Burst forth on Bunker Hill.

"THESE PENSIVE CRESTS."

These pensive crests, whose lavish breasts
A race of shepherds nursed;
These muraled spires, beneath which choirs
Psalters of war rehearsed;
Vigilant stand. May all the land
Their precepts teach to-day
'Mid strife and calm, with sword and psalm,
In marble, type and clay.

* The Westminster Massacre, March 13, 1775. "The first blood of the momentous conflict that gave birth to a Nation."

The Hampshire Grants.

These mountains green which guard and grace
Champlain's historic shore,
Shall never shield a nobler race
Than tracked their wildness o'er,
Ensconsced a valiant settlement,
With axes anthems rang
And while their plows deep furrows rent
Glad Hallelujahs sang.

"THESE MOUNTAINS GREEN WHICH GUARD AND GRACE CHAMPLAIN'S HISTORIC SHORE."

What sought those pilgrims 'mid this wild
Uncultivated mold;
Why leave a climate soft and mild
For one so rough and cold?
They here with dauntless courage sought
Political repose,
And 'mid free play of act and thought
Nobilities arose.

Their temples were majestic glades,
Their treasury the soil,
Their workshops 'mid the modest shades,
And plenty blessed their toil;
Here winged the wise, industrious bee,
Deer leaped, wild squirrels played,
Sweet sap enriched the maple tree,
And beavers castles made.

"THEIR TEMPLES WERE MAJESTIC GLADES."

As beavers built, as hived the bees
What blushing clover bore,
So hewed they homes, and for their ease
They thatched their garnered store.
Their minds were graced with love of God,
Their souls with virtues smiled;
As cultivation decked the sod
So freedom groomed the wild.

Free men, like trees, in texture gain
Where fierce commotions rave,
As storm-rocked oaks wax strong in grain,
So hectored men grow brave;
And peasants born where Satyrs breed
Are oft' of noble brain,
When wronged, no stars their course impede
Till justice they obtain.

Thus nourished on the fruitful lawn
Which formed the "*Hampshire Grants*,"
Were oak-framed men with limbs of brawn
And minds like flowered plants.
They blossomed forth with righteous zeal,
Bore fruit of wisdom rare,
And swore no king should rights repeal
Nor despots trespass there.

They scourged the dupes of Tory sway,
They laughed their writs to scorn,
They planted seed whence since their day
Forests of deeds were born.
No tyrants heel shall bruise the soil
Where their true scions dwell,
No man be born to fruitless toil
Who heeds the tale I tell.

Ethan Allen.

Among heroic deeds, which art
Should flood with lasting fame,
One stands unique and not apart
From Ethan Allen's name.
Our Allen was an outlaw, he
Plain justice loved, not law;
His eyes were keen, his tongue was free,
He spake when wrong he saw.

For years Green Mountain pioneers
From Clinton's Cabinet
Had asked for justice; but with jeers
Had their complaints been met;
With *posse comitatus* he
A Sheriff sent, but they
Unawed by mere authority,
The Sheriff drove away.

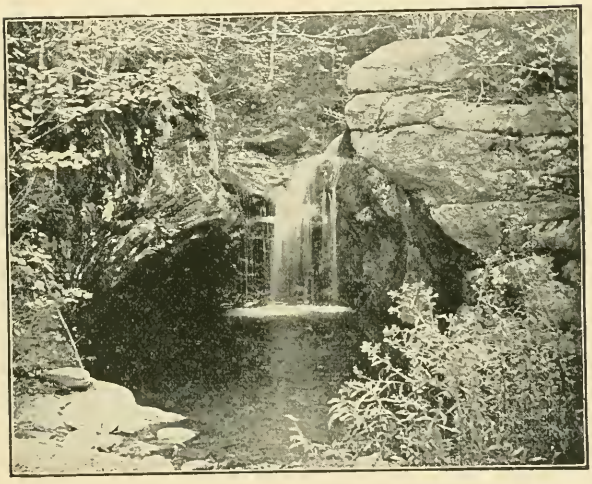
And when ambition to command
A magistrate displayed,
They tied him to a sapling and
His epidermis flayed.
"*I've had enough*," said old Ben Hough,
"*To satisfy my taste,*
For now I wear a 'beech seal' where
My shoulders meet my waist."

Then when New York's Commander placed
A price on Allen's head,
The famed Green Mountain boys he faced
And pale with passion said:—
"*Brave men; the Governor's decree*
Has banished us from home;
From wives and young and willed that we
As outlaws forth must roam.

"IF WE OBEY, FROM THIS FAIR GLEN."

If we obey, from this fair glen
Which from a sterile shade,
The brawny arms of honest men
To fertile fields have made,
From cabins fringed with gardens fair
Which we have cleared and taught,
Forth must we go, nor with us bear
Aught that our hands have wrought.

Here must we leave our moss-curbed wells,
The hives where workers hum,
The tranquil glens, the fragrant dells
Where grouse and partridge drum;
These babbling brooks, the trout's retreat,
Shall fill our creels no more.
Our orchards, vines and meadows sweet
Shall blossom as before;



"THESE BABBLING BROOKS, THE TROUT'S RETREAT."

But gleaners will, the harvest reap
Who've neither plowed nor bred,
And eat the fruit and shear the sheep
Where we have pruned and fed.
Thus round our hearths in ease will dwell
Those whose vile aim will be
To trample e'en the buds which swell
With joys of liberty.

Can law give sweets to drones who've ne'er
One drop of honey hived;
To idlers, crops of which no spear
At their command has thrived?
Plain justice, God's handmaid, though blind,
Permits no such disgrace;
All nature bows with love inclined
Before its Maker's face.

Yon fir trees to the darkened sky,
Where rain clouds sullen brood,
Uplift their thirsty lips and sigh
As if in gratitude;
While tasseled grain and flowers fair
Smile on the rising sun,
And turn their eyes in silent prayer
When it's days course is run.

Wise nature tests and ever has
The laws which men decree;
'Do unto others always as
Thou'st have them do to thee.'
Is writ on mountain, moor and mead
In blossom, fruit and grain;
Where all can see, though few can read
The symbols quaint yet plain.

Are we as free as yonder bee,
As swift to strike for right;
Shall we as cowards turn and flee
Or shall we draw and fight;
Did nature bless our labors so
That some bold idler's hand
Might be extended to and fro
To decimate the land?

Bring us no kingly document
To drive us from our own,
A better right they must present
Than any they have shown;
No parchment deeds can e'er repeal
The sacred rights of man,
Nor mar though bearing royal seal
The beauty of God's plan.

Upon such rights, upon such plan
We stand, the future face,
Nor fear that justice ever can
Ignore so plain a case.
What say you, men, shall we be slaves?"
Throughout the glade there rang
A thunderous "*No, not serfs nor knaves,*"
Then to their arms they sprang.

And then like bees, so swift in flight
When honey they conceal,
So quick to sting and guard their right
'Gainst those who come to steal,
They sped, these heroes, far and wide,
With words inspired-like,
They roused the "*Grants*," and all decide
To draw their blades and strike.

On one side haughty hate and greed
With cruel craft allied,
The other joined a righteous need
With patriotic pride,
And on the hands which sparrows feed
For sustenance relied.
Hark! o'er the land with pinioned speed
The shots of Concord ride.

Ticonderoga.

Defiance stands magnificent
Where Champlain's ripples lave,
And like a mossy monument
O'er war's forgotten grave,
Would fain revive and keep alive
The memory of those
Who in their day, and in their way,
Against oppression rose.

"DEFIANCE STANDS MAGNIFICENT
WHERE CHAMPLAIN'S RIPPLES LAVE."

Here bathed in waves that rise and fall
With rhythmic grace replete,
Which play a tattoo on the wall
Where their pulsations beat,
The ruins sleep that verdant keep
Bold Ethan Allen's name,
And in their dust preserve in trust
His brave companions' fame.

'Twas here one eve in early May,
Around a maple tree,
There stood a few in homespun gray,
A group of eighty-three.
Seth Warner, tall, was standing by
Remember Baker's side,
While Ethan Allen's eagle eye
Flamed with a modest pride;

"SOME CAME FROM WHERE WINOOSKI WOUND IT'S COURSE AMID THE ROCKS."

He welcomed with unstudied grace
Each new arriving clan,
And motioned to his proper place
Each armed and trusted man:
Some came from where Winooski wound
It's course amid the rocks,
And others whence the settlers found
Subsistence for their flocks:

Through trackless forests, swift as deer,
They came to meet the foe,
A band of men unmoved by fear
Come victory or woe.
No Gracchi ever lived so true,
So noble, brave or great;
As gathered here in buff and blue
To liberate a state.

Seth Warner, Baker standing by,
To Ethan Allen said:—
"*'Tis better on the field to die*
Than in a craven's bed.
Though bloody carnage meets my sight
A compromise I'd spurn,
But feel as fiercer flows the fight,
Our course they cannot turn.

The lordly red-coats, trenched behind
Yon citadel, are fit
Companions of the Yorkshire kind
Of Magistrates, who sit
In judgment on us pioneers,
Who justice seek in vain,
And outlaw us, that titled peers
May our possessions gain.

If I could reach the public brain
A spirit I'd instill;
That would not let freemen abstain
From efforts here until
They dwell in peace, enjoy pursuits,
On land their arms have cleared,
And unmolested eat the fruits
Whose parents they have reared."

—"UNTIL THEY DWELL IN PEACE, ENJOY PURSUITS ON LAND THEIR ARMS HAVE CLEARED."

"*Well spoken, Warner,*" Baker cried,
"*But e'er yon setting sun*
Another daily race in pride
Has smilingly begun,
The red-coats in that castle there
Shall blink their sodden eyes,
As they behold us masters where
They never dreamt surprise.

No blandishments can fascinate
Our plain, determined hand,
Nor cruel threats intimidate
Whom Allen doth command.
Though scaffolds rise before our eyes
Unwavering we'll stand,
From every drop of blood, a crop
Of men shall cloud the land."

Then Ethan Allen made reply:—
"Brave men, no crowns compare
With honors such as these, and I
Your weal or woe will share;
And whensoever God may mind
To end our mortal life,
E'en though the dreaded summons find
Us ranged in deadly strife.

Or, if a halter round our throat
Hangs from a gibbet tree,
Let our demeanor then denote
That we have died to free
Our brethren from the cruel grasp
Of pestilential need,
Our Country from the slavish clasp
Of Britain's selfish greed.

So now to business; Seth has said
He brings us fifty men,
Ten more by Hathaway are led,
And fifteen more by Ben;
From Dummer's Fort still more recruits,
By midnight should arrive.
If Safford slips the Tory brutes,
He'll fetch full thirty-five;

More than two hundred then, by dawn,
Should gather on this shore,
To follow, when with cutlass drawn,
I start for yonder door;
A part to enter there with me,
And full possession take,
The rest to strike for liberty
With Warner, up the lake."

With eighty-three he crossed the lake
At dawn, in clumsy scows,
And as they landed gravely spake:—
"*Our God this deed allows,*
We can secure, if soft our tread,
The sentry to a stud,
The fortress capture, and not shed
A single drop of blood."

And then, as Warner led the way
With Baker to Crown Point,
They all beheld pontific day
Postulant hills anoint;
They softly to the entrance crept,
The sentry quickly vised,
And while the troops unconscious slept
Their haughty chief surprised.

"*What means this most seditious, rude*
Invasion of my rest;
By whose command do you intrude
And make this wild behest?"
Thus spake the captain as loud cheers
Re-echoed through the fort.
"*By God's and my Assembled Peers,*"
Was Allen's keen retort.

And thus the zeal of Lexington
Ticonderoga won.
Soon afterwards at Bennington
Vermont's distinguished son
Stood close to Stark, whose cannon's bark
A dogged answer hurled,
Which o'er the yell of Hessian shell
Was heard around the world.

EPILOGUE.

These mountains green still guard and grace
Ticonderoga's crag,
And visitors yet plainly trace
The ruins where the flag
Of independence still is found,
Who'll dare to haul it down
Wherever man a slave is bound
By title, law or crown?

"AND THOUGH THESE WALLS TO DUST DECLINE."

And though these walls to dust decline
With each advancing year,
Although a few for titles pine
And royal statues rear,
The loyal son of these green hills
In memory confined,
Their glory keeps, and wisely tills
The meadows of his mind;

He burns the weeds of Tory creeds
Which in that garden sprout,
That efforts rare may blossom there
And waft their seeds about;
That heroes grand may always stand
As models for the young,
That lyrics true, some old, some new,
In praise of them be sung.

"A WILD SEQUESTERED SPOT."

Such men deserve that noble art,
The spot where they were born,
With grandest works of hand and heart
Should cherish and adorn.
Their graves may deck some modest place,
A wild, sequestered spot,
But dust like theirs, imparts a grace
Which obelisks cannot.

Though we neglect their dark abodes,
Embalmed in caskets real,
Where neither moth nor rust corrodes,
Nor thieves break through and steal,
They sleep in undisturbed repose,
Grand inspirations urge,
Dismaying foes, assisting those
Who round God's standards surge.

Each mobile nation has its tides,
Zeal ebbs, ambitions flow,
The ship of State at anchor rides,
Pomp comes, precautions go.
About the keel of common weal
Cling barnacles and grow,
While on each side, corroding pride
Permits its rust to show.

'Tis true that Britain's blazoned bars
Were banished from these hills,
But British intrigues cloud our stars,
Her envy shuts our mills,
Her policies our statesmen quote,
Her silliness we ape,
And slowly with our voice and vote
Our course by her we shape.

In varied ways we tributes pay;
Our rugged, noble sires,
These solid hills of granite gray
With frost enamelled spires,
To dust and ashes would have turned,
As their swift temper rose,
And any tithes in anger spurned
Which Britons dared propose.

Yet down where fertile fields surround
The Orinoco's mouth,
Where Nature's ample stores abound
To bless the sunny South,
To tempt the shrewd cupidity
Of Britain's selfish greed,
And mock the dull stupidity
Of those in stressful need;

A people stand expectantly,
As we reluctant wait,
While Envy treads on Liberty,
An Empire on a State.
No mountain chain nor difference
Of color, speech or creed,
Can alter man's allegiance
To men who justly plead.

Green Mountain yeomen rise anew
Your pulses "throb with blood,"
The nourishment of Mammon's crew
Is Gold's defiling mud,
The zeal which lit your mountain sides
Unquenchable remains,
And in the hearts where it abides
The love of freedom reigns.

That spark which flamed your verdant youth
Can heat e'en vet'ran age,
Illumine with it's shining truth,
And kindle with it's rage,
A holy patriotic fire,
Love mounting high and valor higher,
A lofty pyre whose righteous ire
Mammon can ne'er assuage.

FINIS.

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